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PUCK
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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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Cartoons and Comments

AS IT LOOKS TO AUNT DELIA.

SHE may be getting old, may President TAFT's "Aunt DELIA," but there is nothing at all the matter with her faculties. Not only is she "in full possession of them," but she has them trained to the minute. "Most of the criticism of WILL," she says, "has been due to the fact that he has really tried to work out a tariff policy." Also—and here her faculties fairly sparkle—"THEODORE ROOSEVELT avoided it, and that has a great deal to do with his popularity." By way of airy comment, it would be fair to neither man to say that WILL rushed in where THEODORE feared to tread, but even Aunt DELIA will admit, predisposed in her nephew's favor as naturally she must be, even Aunt DELIA will admit, we repeat, that large popularity comes properly to the man who can "either touch it or let it alone."

T. R.'s decision not to speak in public for more than two months was evidence of his great liking and consideration for newspaper men. For two months, uninterrupted and unrestrained, political solons may fill the papers with yarns beginning "ROOSEVELT and TAFT: Will there be a break over rival policies?" As ARTEMUS WARD used to say, it is a sweet boon.

ADMITTING that missionaries make mistakes abroad they are not nearly so apt to bring trouble on their own nations as are those who go abroad for the purpose of making money.—*Bryan to the Missionary Conference.*

The most troubled person of all, it seems to us, is the unfortunate heathen. His trouble is due to the fact that money-makers and convert-makers both come to him from the same mysterious country. The "foreign devils" who would exploit him and take away his land, if there happens to be anything of value in it

or on it, are fellow countrymen of the kind teachers who tell him about loving his neighbor, about turning cheek B. when cheek A. is rudely smitten, and about observing the Golden Rule. If he follows his natural bent of self-preservation, and kicks hard at the idea of surrendering his natural resources to far-off capitalists, the unfortunate heathen gets in bad with the missionary. If he follows too literally the teachings of the missionary, and turns his cheek and "loves" his wily foreign "brother" as himself, he awakens to a realization that, vulgarly speaking, he has lost his shirt. It would do much for the heathen's peace of mind if either the Christian exploiters or the Christian missionaries should elect to leave him alone. As there is

no prospect of this, however, the missionaries might explain to him, tactfully and patiently, that in the far-off "foreign-devil" country lots and lots of good people never let their seventh day know what their other six days do.

AMONG the first guests at Oyster Bay, since the Colonel's return, was Senator LODGE of Massachusetts. No man in public life is better able to advise the former President and post him as to public sentiment than Senator LODGE. Just previous to the overwhelming victory of Foss, a victory for which the turning of the Republican worm in Massachusetts was wholly responsible, Senator LODGE eloquently counseled the electors that it was their sacred duty to stand by the old Republican Party, if for no other reason than that it *was* the old Republican Party. We may be mistaken, of course, but it is our recollection of the incident that the Senator even said they *must*.

DEWEY recalls the fact that eleven years ago the New York populace went crazy over him.



THE BIGGEST JOB HE EVER TACKLED.

"I SHALL NOT SPEAK FOR MORE THAN TWO MONTHS AFTER MY ARRIVAL HOME."—*The Colonel's Vow.*



ODE TO A ROOTER

ON HIS COMPETENT DIRECTION OF A GAME AT BALL.

THOU, self-constituted oracle of bleachers,
O, skilled to roar the truth concerning strikes,
Sole arbiter of errant balls' validity;
God-begifted far beyond earth's other creatures;
I have not met thy likes,
That thou, in midst of thy profuse humidity,
Dost, with no dubious voice, decide the contest's fate.

For when at crisis of a batsman's turn,—
Two strikes, three balls,—
Thou sternly bid'st the pitcher, "Put it over!"
Whereat the whirling sphere doth split the plate,
A deed for which our timid souls did yearn,
Yet none but thou could order it to be.

And when the umpire, all deluded, calls
"Foul!" at a ball that skims along the clover,
Close to a line which none of us can see,
Thou risest in thy eagle-sighted pride
And shriekest: "Rotten!"
Thereat the umpire, all besotten,
Giveth the next decision to our side.

Moreover, when our captain grips his bat
And takes his due position in the box,
Tapping the rubber deftly thrice, since that
Will probably facilitate his knocks;
Yet something lacks to cheer his striving soul,—
Alone thou know'st the charm to bring about
A base-hit, and enjoimest, "Hit her out!"

And if, with lightsome stride,
Nearing his wished-for goal,
A runner traverses 'twixt first and second
With more velocity than may be reckoned,
With prayerful heart thou moan'st: "For gosh sake,
slide!"

And even as 't is bidden
The slide is slidden
On panted seat, dust-laden, sound and safe.

Nor less when our best pitcher, winding up,
Flingeth a ball that bangs the backstop's base
And letteth in a dreaded run of price,
While our sad hearts do chafe,—
Lest untold misery brim that pitcher's cup
Thou standest in thy place
And giv'st this solace: "Matty! Working nice!"

And oh, again, at some resounding smack,
When all too swift the dire propulsive sphere
Boundeth the legs between
Of some pale shortstop in his agony,
Nor cometh back

Till on the ominous initial bag is seen
A hostile batsman with a wicked leer
(Nor can that glee be nominated sporty),
Then almost with a mother's charity
Thou criest: "Well, you'll get him next time, Shorty!"

Then, when some dread opponent takes the bat
The whilst we hold our breath in trembling awe,
And yet the bat and ball do not connect,—
And yet, perchance, that union may come soon,—
Little thou shrink'st thereat;
But knowing certainly that batsman's flaw,
And from the cause inferring the effect,
Declar'st: "You dub, you could n't hit a b'loon!"
Nor doubtless could he; yet we did not know
Th' auspicious truth till thou didst tell us so.

Further, when their loud leader doth demand
The umpire to bestow some explanation
Of whether out or, as it chance, not out,
And promptly gains the sought-for information,
And calls on heav'n to doom that umpire's soul,
We who have lent a willing ear
That captain and that umpire's words to hear,
Nor are full certain what the row's about,
Yet deem our enemy to understand
The game, and eke to be punctilious in his cares,
Thou suddenly strippest off the mask he wears,
And strong in righteous self-control
Reveal'st the vice with which his heart doth throb,
Pronouncing sternly: "O you great big slob!"

O, strong on virtue's side, yet not so stern
But that thou may'st most winsomely rejoice
When smitten ball eludes an enemy's mit;
Thou ceasest swift to sit,
And raising both thyself and bellowy voice,
Drawing from fancy's choicest urn
This epigram, whose jocularity
Fitteth full well its rarity.
For loud thou callest: "Hay! You feller!
You could n't stop a street-car with 'n umbreller!"

This most, O strategist, O perfect guide,
This I should call thy greatest gift of all,
A godlike gift who else may claim as his?—
That when some crucial moment bids decide,
Thou dost not on thy thinking powers call,
Nor even need to see,—thou speak'st, and lo! it is!

Thus thou for heaven suitest,
Though here on earth thou rootest,
Pending that happy day when thou the Final Doom refutest!

Martin Wright.



PUCK



AFTER THE RACE.

THE HARE.—But of course you'll give me another chance?
THE TORTOISE.—Oh, I suppose I must! But understand right now, my end of the purse'll be 75 per cent. win or lose!

THE STERILIZED FOURTH.

IN the olden days and careless, when communities were scareless
And tetanus was n't generally known,
When the Fourth was loud and festive, any reader would grow restive
If your verse were not fortissimo in tone.
It must reek of fire and powder or the crowd would clamor "Louder!"
And they wanted you to finish with a shriek;
But the fashion now has altered,
And the fiery steed is haltered,
And the proper kind of verse is very meek.



Hence I cut the noisy clamor
and eliminate the hammer
Which used to pound the
anvil for the muse;
My typewriter keys are padded,
and a muffler has been added,
And a sound-proof cellar
room is what I use.
Then I sing of peaceful places and
of placid, placid faces,
And of silent haunts untenanted by men,
And of sleepy, soothing measures, and of
calm and gentle pleasures,
And of deaf-and-dumb asylums now and then.

Yes, I sing of spots where shade is, and of peaceful-eyed
old ladies,
And of birdlets on the bough, and lowing kine,
And I beg to call attention to the things I do not mention,
Such as rockets, bombs, and others of that line.
I have neatly expurgated all such matters antiquated,
Which might give the very timid folk a pain:
Naught is here of noise ear-splitting; naught of crackers
loudly spitting;
For the verses, like the Fourth, are Safe and Sane!

Berton Braley.

ESCAPED HIM.

PANN.—What did you think of the big fire to-day?
PHAN.—Did n't hear about it. What fire was that?
PANN.—A whole row of buildings burned just outside the ball grounds. Where were you this afternoon?
PHAN.—At the ball game.

YOUTH.

I WAS started on a train of reflection when I saw him devouring her with his eyes.
"If he knew how she disagrees with people," I mused,
"would he Fletcherize her more?"
Probably not. I had to confess that deliberation is not of the character of unthinking youth.

MARKS OF THE SEA.

THE moment Berwick, the detective, appeared in the latest story, all uncertainty vanished as if by magic.

"Do you see that haze?"
he called sharply to the other characters, who were standing dumbly about, perplexed and uneasy.

"Yes," they replied, but rather dubiously.

"It is thin?"

"It is."

"And blue?"

"Quite blue."

"It drifts lazily?"

"Yes, yes!"

Berwick laughed dryly, and his eyes twinkled.

"This is going to be a marine novel," he said, and such was the conviction begotten of his confident air that all hands took up their several parts with a great show of heartiness, and the action immediately progressed cheerfully.



ORIGINALITY.

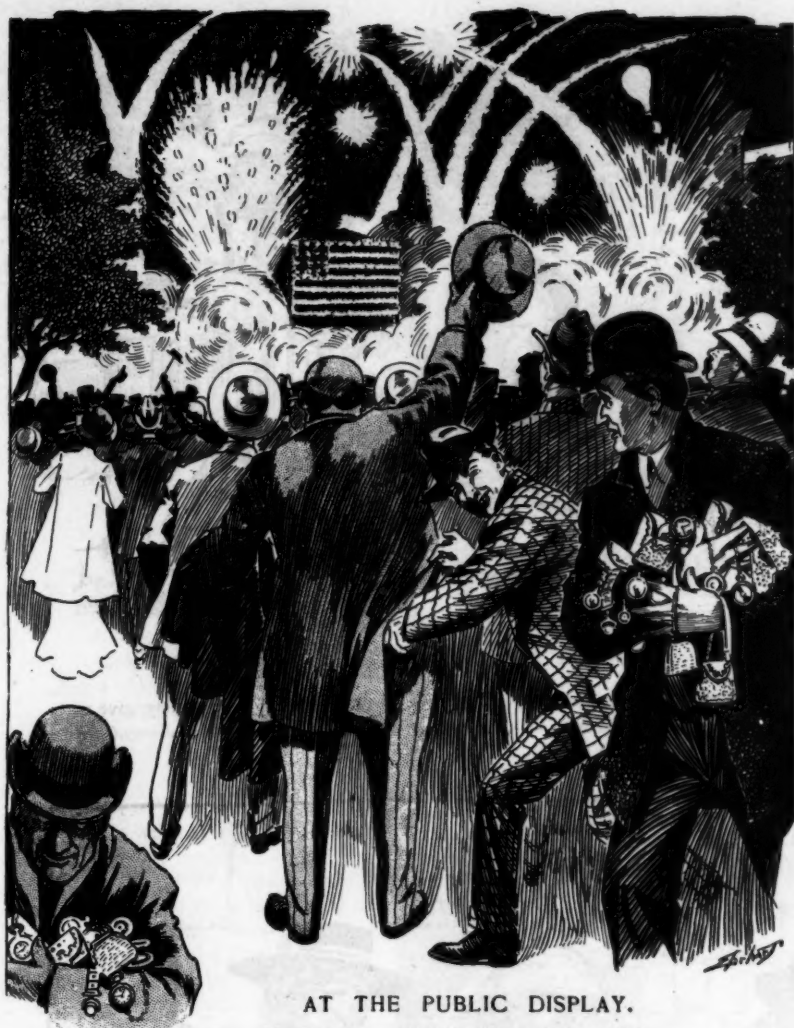
MADEL.—Is she such an original girl?
MARIE.—Oh, very! She let the dressmaker write her graduation essay while she made the dress herself!



JULY 4, 1775.

NEW ENGLAND COLONIST.—What are you celebrating to-day, Beriah?
CONVIVIAL DITTO.—Why, this will be the last opportunity we will ever have to celebrate a "Quiet Fourth!"

Chivalry is that noble quality in a man which makes him considerate of any woman who looks a peach and is n't married to him.



AT THE PUBLIC DISPLAY.

PICKPOCKET.—Nothin' like a Safe and Sane Fourt', is there, Pal? They might burn their fingers if they stayed home an' shot fire-crackers.



SUMMER ROMANCE.

SHE was a winsome lass—"a peach,"—
And more than passing fair;
I strolled one day along the beach
And she was waiting there!

Full soon I sang unto my soul:
"Wed wealth; be free from care!"
For every time I took a stroll
I found her waiting there.

And so I lived in vast delight
A little, I declare!
But ah, alas! I dined one night—
And she was waiting there!

Chas. C. Jones.

COMPARATIVE GOODNESS.

THE Indian boasted loudly of the points in respect whereof he accounted himself the white man's superior.
"I become a good Indian merely through dying, while you ——" Here he paused and laughed saturninely.
"And I?" prompted the other.
"—while you never become so very good, so far as I can discover, unless, in addition, your widow marries again!"

CLOTHES.

CLOTHES plus make the Johnny. Clothes minus make the Salome dancer. Clothes multiplied make the woman of fashion. Clothes divided make the new woman.

MAKING A BRAVE FIGHT.

MANAGER OF HICKSBURG THEATRE.—Well, how's things theatrical in little old New York?
ACTYN BARNES (*gloomily*).—The best I can tell you, my friend, is that the New Theatre is still a non-moving-picture house.



FRONT VIEW.

UNMADE HISTORY.

THE average business man, such as was the absorption incident to competition ever fiercer, grew more and more forgetful. He would forget pretty much everything—his hat, his dinner, even his bit-
ters, at times. But the tendency culminated when he would forget an injury.

This was very distasteful to his women folks, and for a while it looked as if they might break him of the habit. His wife would tie strings to his fingers to make him remember who owned a faster car than theirs or had otherwise wronged him, and not without effect; but after all there was no altering destiny, and the average business man was presently forgetting his injuries right along. He could no more tell you who had injured him than he could tell you where he had left his glasses. To many it seemed a noteworthy thing when that which religion had striven in vain to bring about was now come to pass through the many activities of trade.



BACK VIEW.

FLAGRANT.

THE schools, it began to be observed, were giving the children of the people a skeptical outlook. Sentiment promptly took alarm. "These little ones will learn to take everything with a grain of salt, and the Salt Trust will reap the benefit!" the cry went up, showing how thoroughly the proletariat was now thinking for itself.

THE ALTERNATIVE.

GRANDMA.—Bobby, here is a quarter for you to put away to buy fireworks with on the Fourth of July.

BOBBY.—Pshaw! We don't keep the Fourth that way anymore. I'm going to hear the returns from the prize-fight!



A HOME CELEBRATION.

AT HIS WIFE'S REQUEST, MR. MEEKTON READS ALOUD THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

PUCK

A COPY-READER'S RETORT TO THE REPORTER.

(Here is the Way News Comes to the Desk.)

JAPANESE horse, blind in one eye, the right, attached to an Irish jaunting-car, full of pretzels, consigned to the Austrian Home in Battery Park, was badly frightened yesterday, as he turned into Bowling Green, and tried to make his escape.

Officer Peter Keg, in full uniform, was standing near by, but he was very drunk and fast asleep. His attention, however, was attracted by a citizen who jogged him in the stomach with a hammer, at the same time saying: "O, Officer! Officer!"

When Patrolman Peter Keg, who is attached to the Oak Street station, and has four service-stripes, realized what had happened, he ran directly in the wake of the horse, hissing at him. The frightened animal immediately moderated his law-breaking speed, and the policeman, cantering swiftly, was able to reach the galloping nag's side.

Then Patrolman Peter Keg, by the exercise of great intelligence, picked up the excited equine, and threw him, neighing, into the wagon, which immediately stopped.

The cause of the horse's panic, it is understood, was the collapse of the "L" structure in Battery Park, four trains, crowded with passengers, being thrown into the street. The death-list exceeds eight hundred.

L. F. L.



THE RATIONAL FOURTH.

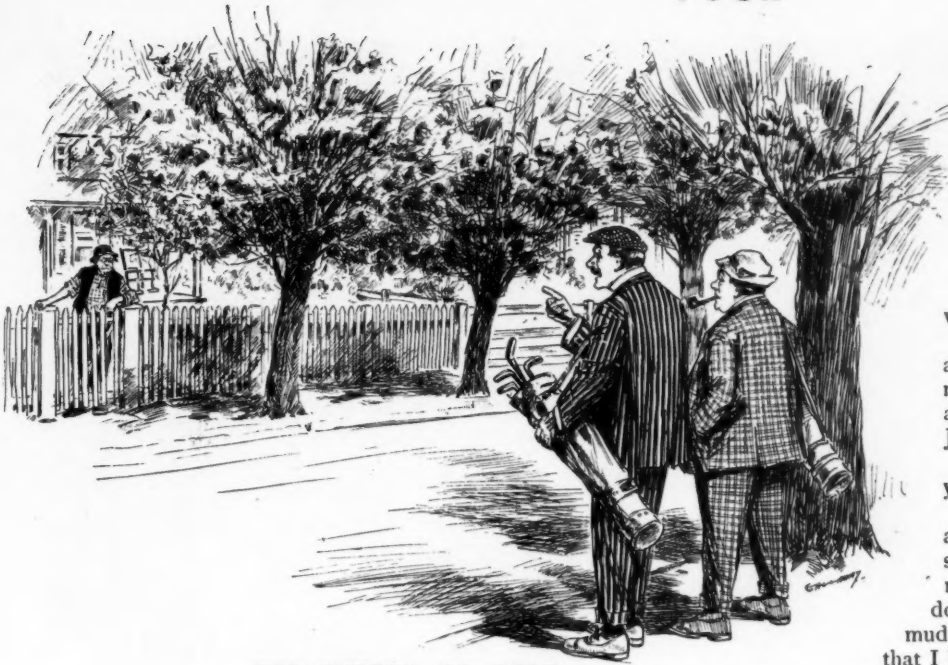
AMERICAN PARENT (in the year 1810).—Ebenezer, my boy, give me that blunderbuss—I'm afraid you might hurt yourself—and shoot off this horse-pistol instead.



CLOSED TILL NEXT SEASON.

MR. PITTSNATI (outside Roman Coliseum).—Shall we go inside a while, Mother?

MRS. PITTSNATI.—Oh, never mind, Pa. It's summer now, so of course there's no show running.



THE BURDEN OF GOLF.

GOLFER (*looking for a caddy*).—I say, my friend, do you happen to know of anyone who—

NEAR-SIGHTED VILLAGER (*testily*).—No, I don't. All the folks 'round here does their *own* umbreller repairin'.

SOME IDENTIFICATION.

You will have to be identified before I can cash this check for you, madam.

"You mean that I have to prove that I am the lady whose name is written on the check?"

"Yes ma'am. You are a stranger to me, you know. Do you know anyone in the bank?"

"No I don't, but I know a lady whose husband is president of a bank in Detroit, and one of my cousins is cashier in a bank in Louisville. I have some of my visiting-cards in my purse, and— Oh, here is a little newspaper clipping about the death of an uncle of mine whose name is the same that mine was before I was married. He was my father's brother, and—"

"That would hardly serve as an identification. You would have to bring someone here who knows you."

"I hope you don't think that I am trying to get something that

doesn't belong to me. Do I look like a person who would come in here and try to get money on a check that wasn't mine? I can tell you just exactly how and where I got that check. It was sent to me as a birthday present by an uncle of mine who always sends me something on my birthday because his birthday comes on the very same day. This year he wrote that he would send me the money and let me get some-



A CHRISTIAN SCIENCE CELEBRATION.

MENTAL SUGGESTION OF THREE PACKS OF CANNON CRACKERS GOING OFF AT ONCE.

thing for myself, and—I have his letter right here in my shopping-bag. Won't that identify me?"

"I am afraid not."

"Why not? As I say, do I look like a thief? You'd better be a little careful in regard to your insinuations, sir. I have lived in this city twenty-five years, and—"

"Then you ought to know someone who could identify you in this bank. Don't you know someone in this part of the city who could identify you?"

"I can't think of anyone. I used to know a Mr. Saul Smith who repaired watches in the next block, but he died a year or two ago and— Oh, I think that a friend of mine named Jones, Mrs. W. B. Jones, has an account here."

"Yes, she has. You bring her here with you and it will be all right."

"You don't mean to say that I have to go and get her and drag her in with me to say that she knows me before you pay me that money? Of all things! I can't do that, for she has gone to Bermuda for a month. Isn't it enough that I know her and that I know that she has an account here? Do you think that I am a liar? If my husband or my brother— Oh, here is a little tintype picture of myself taken on the beach one day last summer. Won't that do as an identification? You see that I have on the same chain and locket that I have on in the picture and the same dress-skirt."

"This is no identification, madam, for—"

"I'd like to know why it is n't. There's the picture and here am I. What more do you want? And here is a letter in my bag that I am just going to mail to a sister of mine living out West. You can see that the handwriting on the envelope is the same as that on the back of the check where I have written my name."

"I am afraid that you do not understand just what it means to be identified, for—"

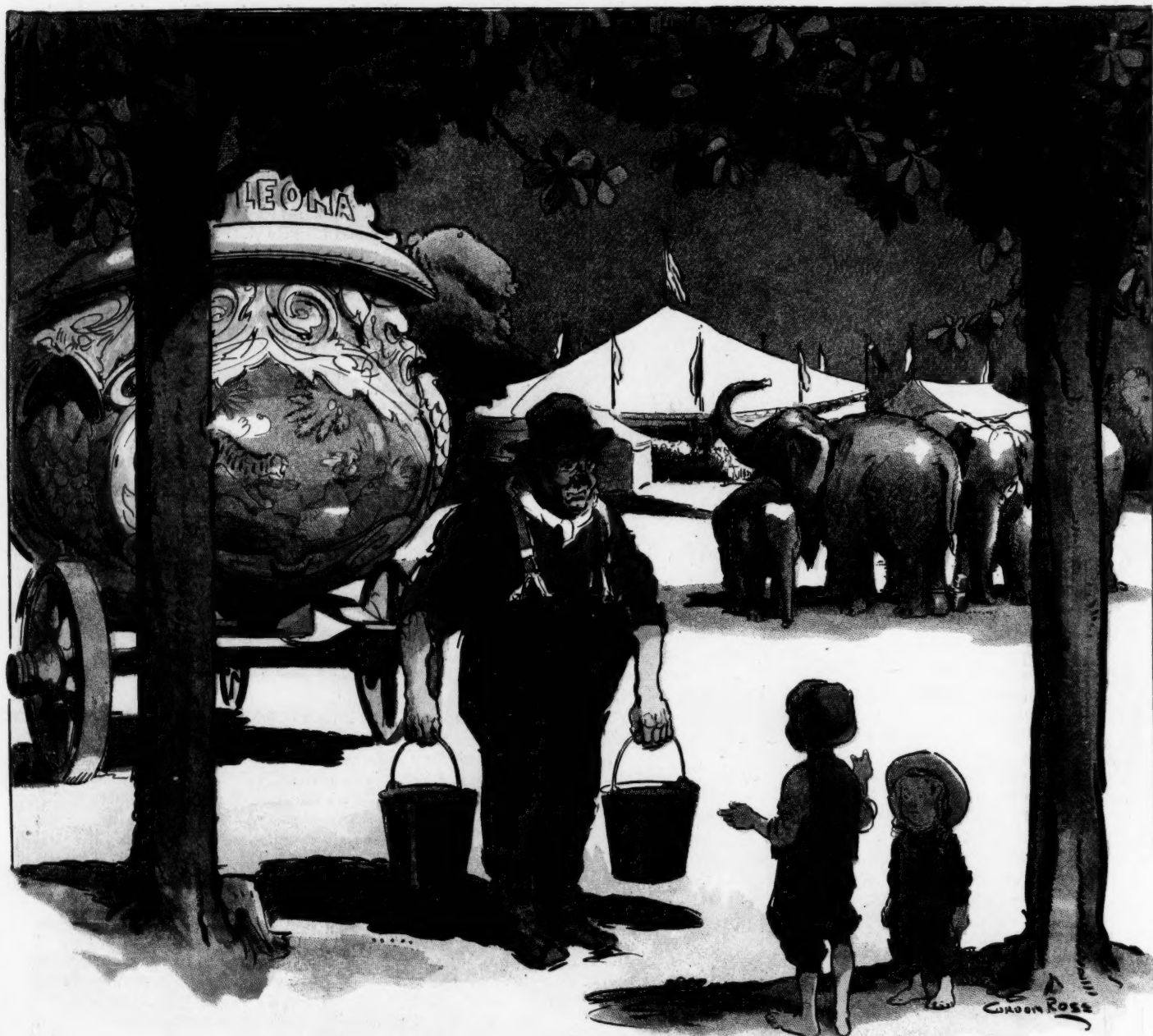
"I understand that it means a lot of bother and red tape, and it implies that a lady is a thief if she cannot drag in three or four people to take oath that she is n't. I'll have you to know that I stand as well in the community in which I live as any lady in it, and my family connections are good enough for me to be a member of the Daughters of the American Revolution, for both of my parents



THE FROTH OF JULY.

had ancestors at the battle of Bunker Hill and mother was a direct descendant of one of the first governors of Virginia, and yet I can't get a check for ten dollars cashed here without trailing in a lot of people to swear that I am who I am, and— Why, Mr. Grigsby, is this you? I didn't expect to meet you! I never was here until this morning when I came in with a small check to be cashed. Identify me? Oh, thank you, Mr. Grigsby!"

M. M.



CIRCUS WEATHER.

HIGH in the heavens hangs the sun,
A ball of torrid heat,
Beside the road, where gutters run,
The grass is tall and sweet;
Across the meadow, near the dump
Whereon the tin cans glow,
The tents have risen like a clump
Of mushrooms for the show.

Gray canvas, and the drooping flags
The windless summer day
Stirs not a whit. The circus nags
Are lazy at their hay.
The canvasmen lie sound asleep
Tho' bottle flies may sing;
And over all the pungent, deep
Aroma of the ring.

Hot? Well, the hottest of the year.
The barker's throat is dry;
A handkerchief beneath his ear
Conceals his vivid tie.
Before the gate a throng of men,
Women, and children bent
On pleasure, all together,—then
The coolness of the tent.

Ralph Bergengren.

HISTORICAL.

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH was about to be executed. Pocahontas rushed forward and spread herself protectingly over the palpitating bosom of the Paleface just as Powhatan raised his knob-studded war-club and the assembled Aborigines raised a shout.

"Let 'er go, Professor!" they yelled; and the operator of the moving-picture camera began to turn the crank.

IF a politician has a talent for discovering the popular thing his future is assured, because the talent for persuading himself that it is the right thing is never lacking.

TRADITIONS.

THERE are various kinds of traditions: such as the ecclesiastical tradition, whereby religion becomes so largely a matter of hats and harangues; the literary tradition, which keeps genius from ending its sentences in prepositions and otherwise getting the fat in the fire; the academic tradition, guarding the schools against the folly of teaching so much truth that they won't have the face to beg money; and the dramatic tradition, in accordance with which art holds the mirror up to Nature only when Nature is fussed for it. But they all serve the same general purpose of affording cheap fellows something to trample on, and thus win distinction with their feet.

There is only one man more exasperating than he who advises us what we should do, and that is the fellow who tells us what we should n't do.

PUCK

WHAT HAPPENED

WHEN IT WAS SCIENTIFICALLY DEMONSTRATED THAT THE MOON WAS MADE OUT OF GREEN CHEESE.



OMIC opera Moon Songs were forbidden by an Act of Congress—a proceeding which made 46,362 people shriek with joy.

2. Three dozen desperate minor poets ate themselves sick on absinthe frappés.

3. Mr. Roosevelt addressed the Trustees of the Smithsonian Institution on the more complex scientific aspects of the phenomenon regarded, especially in its relation to the Growing Menace of Mollycoddism.

4. On the Stock Exchange the Cheese Market sagged 132 points in forty-seven seconds.

5. And of course it was n't any time at all before the Cold-Storage Folks had made arrangements to hold the whole satellite for the next food shortage.

6. 2,432 Dutch dialect teams rang out the old—rang in the new—and started their acts by propounding the scream: "Ven iss it iss a moon not a moon?"

7. It was insisted by Mr. Bryan of Nebraska that faith in the genuineness of the cheese should become the sole test of the new Democracy.

8. All diffident young lovers turned particularly happy because it afforded a new topic of conversation.

9. Of the astronomers, ninety-seven per cent. said they had known it all along, while the remaining three per cent. requested not to be bothered with anything so vulgarly near as a mere moon.

10. A religious cult known as the Cheeseites sprang up, and was promptly rotten-egged out of town by various independent and liberty-loving American citizens.

11. 1,462 orthodox theologians wrote 25,678 books and pamphlets showing conclusively that the moon could n't be made of green cheese:

- a) Because such a belief was irreverent.
- b) Because it was immoral.
- c) Because it was hopeless.

12. And naturally, every Real-Estate Dealer who had the price put big spreads in all the Sunday papers to the general effect:



YOU CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL.

NEAR-SIGHTED OLD GENTLEMAN.—How he's grown, Mrs. Smith! How he has grown! But are n't you afraid to let him go without his hat?

"WHY PAY RENT WHEN YOU CAN OWN YOUR OWN HOME IN CHEESEHURST? THREE MINUTES' WALK FROM proposed NEW AERIAL LANDING."

And when it was found out that the Moon *wasn't* made of Green Cheese, and in fact that it was n't made of anything good to eat, eighty million four hundred and thirty-two thousand six hundred and seventy-five babies started right in crying for it again.

Horatio Winslow.



IT'S ALL IN THE EYE.

EVERY MAN OF THEM.—Yes, sir! My fiancée is the most beautiful girl in the world!



THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.

IF WE HAD TO SPEAK ZOOLOGICALLY.

"FAMILIARIS canis gone it! Some homarus Americanis has been lemuroidæing with this mus decumanus trap. Say, how do you expect me to catch a mus decumanus with no felis domestica and a broken trap?"

"What's that? The children had it to catch a proteroglypha that was trying to bite our ulula cimera!"

plume hat and her rupicapra tragus gloves and her putorius vison muff. He'll be back shortly. And John — if I'm not home in time for supper you will find some meleagris in the ice-box, and don't let baby make a sus scrofa of herself."

TRANSLATED INTO AMERICAN.

"Dog gone it! Some lobster has been monkeying with this rat-trap. Say, how do you expect me to catch a rat with no cat and a broken trap?"

"What's that? The children had it to catch a snake that was trying to bite our owl! Well of all things! I suppose they will be trying next to catch an elephant in a spider-web or an ant in a bear-pit."

"Oh Bobby! B-o-b-by!"

"He's not here, John dear. I'm going to a party this afternoon, and I've sent him to Mrs. Smith to borrow her ostrich-plume hat and her chamois gloves and her mink muff. He'll be back shortly. And John — if I'm not home in time for supper you will find some turkey in the ice-box, and don't let baby make a hog of herself."

Milton N. Simon.

DISTINCTION.

MILLY.—Is this picture like your father?
TILLY.—Of course not, silly! It is like father when he has his picture taken.



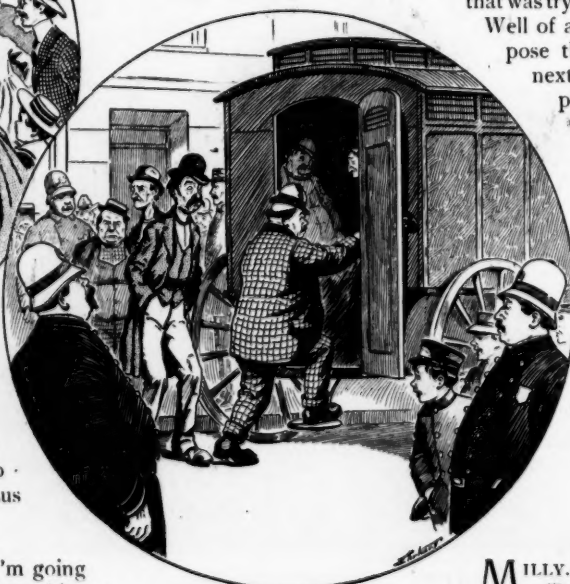
GOING DOWN TO THE ISLAND.

Well of all things! I suppose they will be trying next to catch an elephas indicus in a pholcus phalangioides web or a formica herculeana in an ursus Americanus pit.

"Oh Bobby! B-o-b-by!"

"He's not here, John dear. I'm going to a party this afternoon, and I've sent him to Mrs. Smith's to borrow her struthio camelus-

OH, WHAT A DIFFERENCE ONE PREPOSITION MAKES!



GOING UP TO THE ISLAND.



A TRIAL BALANCE.



WHERE IT GOT OFF.

ENGLISHMAN.—How does our venerable Tower impress you, sir?
NEW YORKER (*disdainfully*).—Tower? Why, say, it is n't a chimney to the Metropolitan tower in *my* town!

WHY HAVE A PARCELS POST?

WHAT does it matter if the United States is the only civilized country outside of Spain and Bulgaria which does not have a parcels post? We are not compelled to follow the lead of other countries. We are perfectly able to map out our own course of action. Even if we had not the company of Spain and Bulgaria, still we have both the right and the stamina to stand alone and the money to back it up with a big navy if necessary. What does it matter if other countries carry parcels at a much lower rate than we do? We are a Republic and they are not. Being a Republic, we can charge ourselves as much as we please and it's nobody's business if we do.



THE SCHOOL OF FISH.

"Queer how Jones always takes that pup along when he goes fishing!"
"Oh, I don't know; maybe he's teachin' it not to bite!"



FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
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HUMOROUS WEEKLY OF AMERICA

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- ☐ It is funny, but neither vulgar nor suggestive.
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NEXT WEEK.

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Enclosed find ten cents for which send
me a liberal package of sample copies
of PUCK.

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A Hit.

PRETTY MISS JONES.—As I play an old lady in this piece I shall have to have wrinkles painted 'round my eyes, cheeks, and mouth.

BROWN.—Ah, they will be lines cast in pleasant places!—*London Weekly Telegraph.*

CHAPERON.—Did you take in the service this morning?

YOUNG ATHLETE.—Oh yes.

CHAPERON.—Whereabouts?

YOUNG ATHLETE.—At the tennis court.—*Lampoon.*



White Rock

American Water for
American People

IN AND OUT.

"After all, you know, there is room for both men and women in this world. Men have their work to do and women have theirs."

"It is the woman's work to provide for the inner man, and it is the man's to provide for the outer woman."—*Globe-Democrat.*

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The antiseptic powder to shake into your shoes, for tired, aching feet. Makes walking easy. Always use it for breaking in new shoes. "In a Pinch, use Allen's Foot-Ease." Sold everywhere, 25c. Do not accept a substitute.

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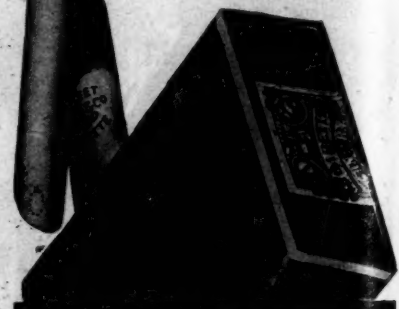
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the after-dinner size

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Philip Morris
ORIGINAL LONDON Cigarettes



CONVENTION OF UNITED STATES BREWERS' ASSOCIATION AT WASHINGTON, D. C. Photo by HARRIS & EWING.

HARD LUCK.

MILDRED.—Kitty had some mighty hard luck yesterday. She slipped while she was out playing golf and sprained her ankle.

GWENDOLYN.—Poor child!

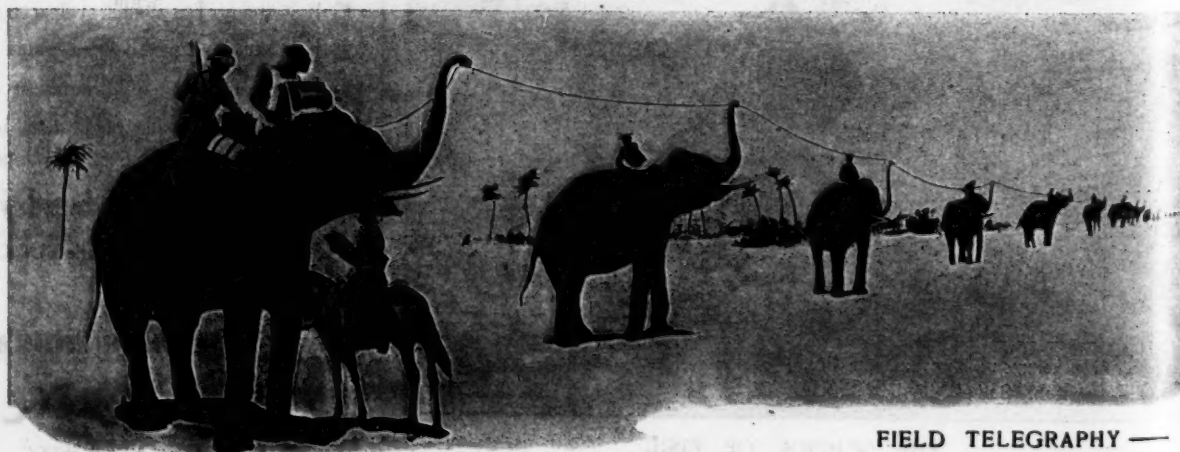
MILDRED.—Yes, and she had a pair of old, darned stockings on.—*Somerville Journal.*

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.

IT ALL DEPENDS.

"Do drummers really get business by telling funny stories?"

"Depends altogether upon the customer," replied the traveling salesman. "Sometimes I tell funny stories and sometimes I abuse the Trusts."—*Pittsburgh Post.*



FIELD TELEGRAPHY —

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; insures your getting the very best.

HAD YACHTS OF THEIR OWN.

McCarthy was boasting of the prominence of his family in bygone ages. "But there were no McCarthys in Noah's Ark," said O'Brien.

"No," said McCarthy, "our family was very exclusive in those days and had yachts of their own."—*National Monthly*.

Hunyadi János

Natural Laxative Water

Recommended by Physicians
Refuse Substitutes
Best remedy for

CONSTIPATION
AT ALL DRUGGISTS



"EASILY THE BOOK OF THE DAY"

ROUTLEDGE

"For knowledge, energy, artistic conception and literary strength, it is easily the book of the day. 'Routledge Rides Alone' is a great novel, one of the few novels that are as ladders from heaven to earth."—*San Francisco Argonaut*.

"The story unfolds a vast and vivid panorama of life. The first chapters remind one strongly of the descriptive Kipling we once knew. We commend the book for its sustained interest. We recommend it for its descriptive power."—*Boston Evening Transcript*.

RIDES

"Great in conception, great in execution; a story that towers giant-high—a message for all mankind."—*Detroit Free Press*.

"Dominated by a love story of great beauty and power."—*Washington Star*.

ALONE

"Comfort has succeeded where Kipling failed. He has written a consistently dramatic, vigorous, and able novel, with a pervading element of Oriental mysticism. Moreover, he has woven into the book an appealing and distinguished love romance."—*Philadelphia Press*.

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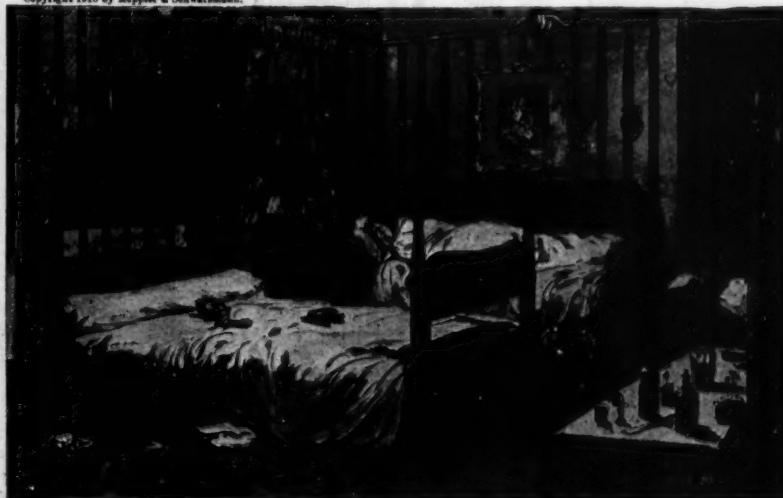
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PUCK PROOFS

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TIME, THREE A.M. — ASLEEP AT LAST.

Photogravure in Sept., 22 x 8 in.

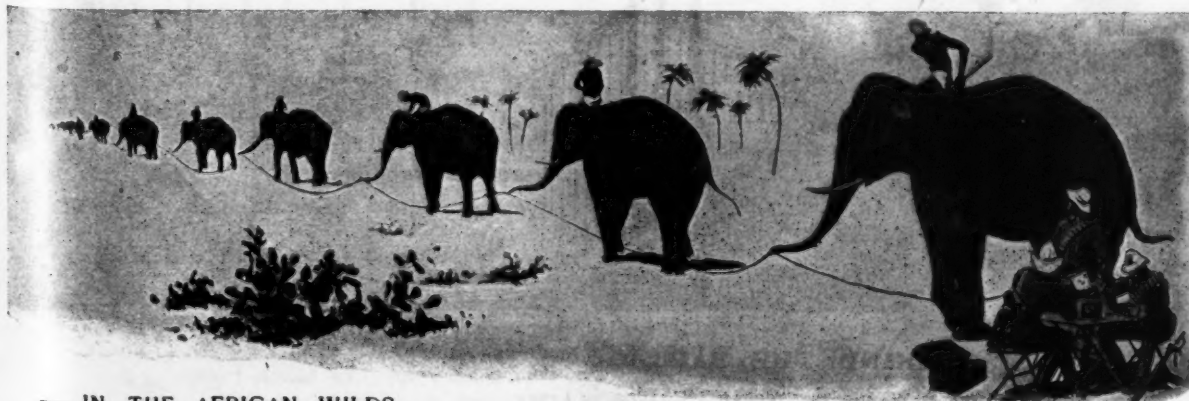
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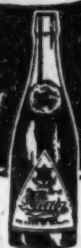
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—Lustige Woche.

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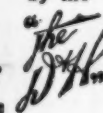
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TRAIN PASSENGER (to porter who is wielding whisk). — Much dust on me, porter?

PORTER. — 'Bout fifty cents' wuth, sah. — *Boston Transcript*.

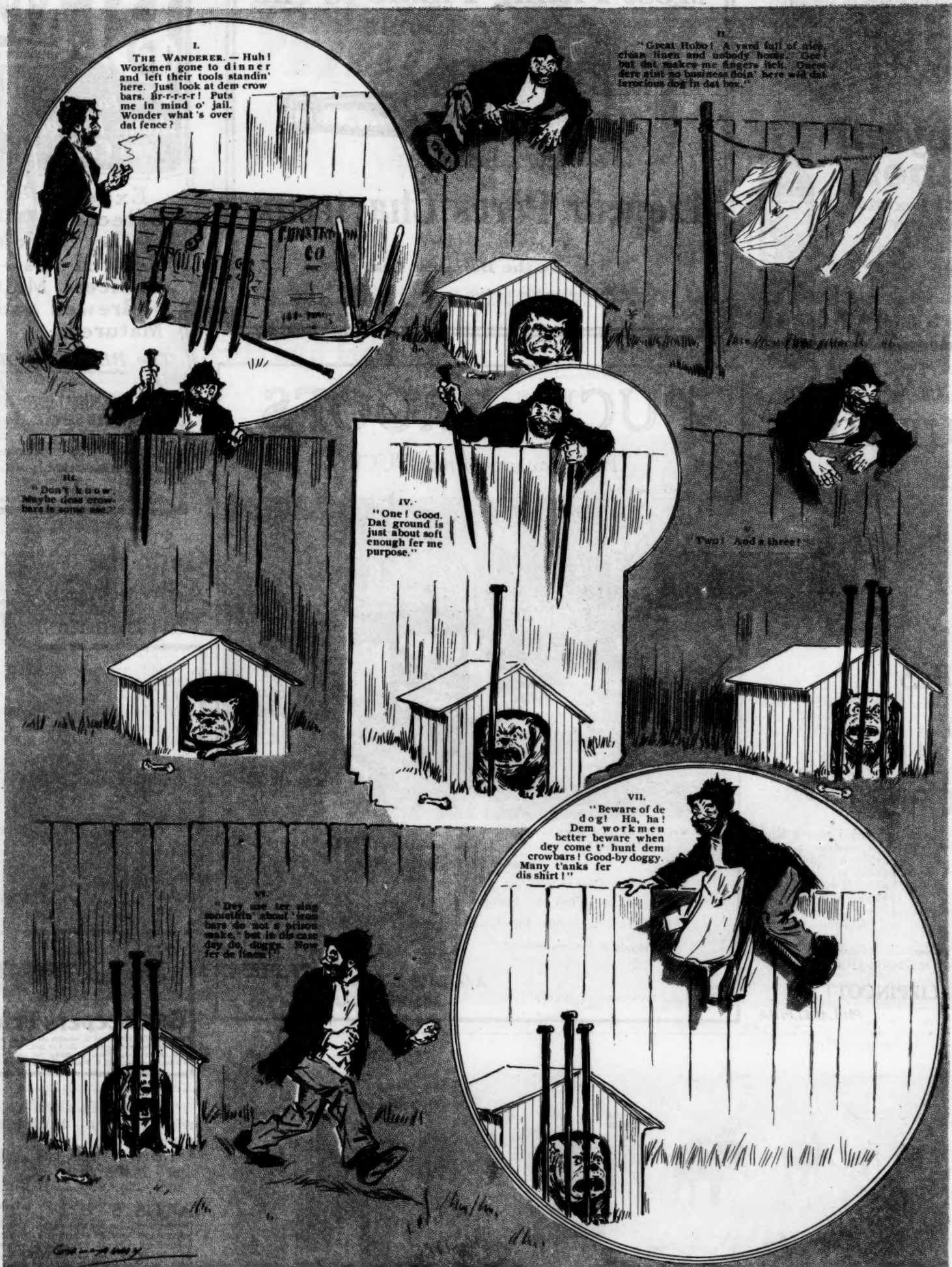
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O, BEATRICE!

BEATRICE. — George tried to kiss me last night.

MURIEL. — Why, what did you do?

BEATRICE. — I—I sat right down on him! — *Minne-ha-ha*.



THE PUCK PRESS

BEHIND THE BARS.

How a Homeless Wanderer Secured a Change of Linen.

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can be made the happiest of the year if there's a supply of

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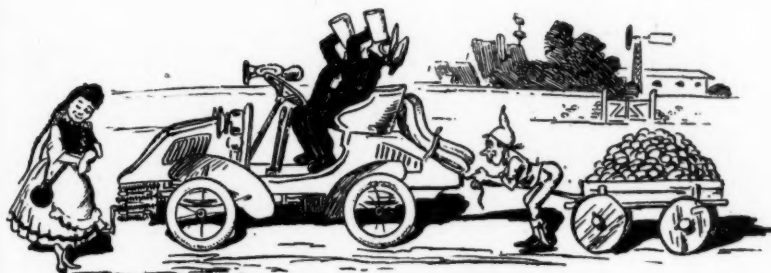
"SAV, I have an awful pain; I wonder if it is appendicitis? Can you tell me what side one gets it?"
"Why on the inside, of course." — Columbia Jester.

HITCH BEHIND!

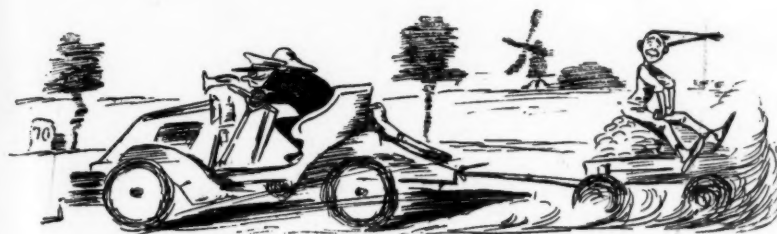
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I.



II.



III.

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A SPEAKING LIKENESS.

CORONER.—You knew the deceased pretty well, I believe, and could identify him?

WITNESS.—Yes, I should know 'im agin. A photograph of the deceased was then handed to the witness.

CORONER.—Do you recognize that?

WITNESS (shaking his head).—No, I dunno who that is.

CORONER.—You said you would know him again if you saw him.

WITNESS.—So I should, sir. But I don't think I could tell 'is picture.

CORONER.—What was there about the deceased that you would know and recognize again?

WITNESS (brightening up).—His stutter, sir. 'E stuttered awful!—Judy.



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IV.

—Lustige Blätter.

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